ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the ſpoyle of me.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeauen times a weeke, went to Bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed there or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Noſe of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuẽ to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oath ſhould be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuẽ ouer; and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou runſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire there's no purchaſe in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euerlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. 'Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen yet who pickt my Pocket?

Hoſt. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do yo I keepe theeues in my houſe, I h haz my husband, man by man, the tight of a haire was neuer loſ

Fal. Ye lie Hoſteſſe, *Bardol* w and Ile be ſworne my Pocket w man, goe.

Hoſ. Who I? I defie thee: G mine owne houſe before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well

Hoſ. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe no *Sir Iohn*, you owe me money S rell to beguile me of it: I bough backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I wiues, they haue made Boulter

Hoſ. Now as I am a true wom owe money heere beſides, *Sir* ings, and mony lent you, xxiiij

Fal. He had his part of it, let

Hoſ. He? alas he is poore, he h

Fal. How; poore? looke vp let them coine his Noſe, let the a denyer: what, will you make mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſh loſt a ſeale Ring of my Grandfa

Hoſ. O Ieſu, I haue heard the oft, that that Ring was Copper

Fal. How? the *Prince* is a Iack were here, I would cudgel him

Enter the Prince marching
Playing on his Tr

Fal. How now Lad, is the win Muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; New

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you h

G

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